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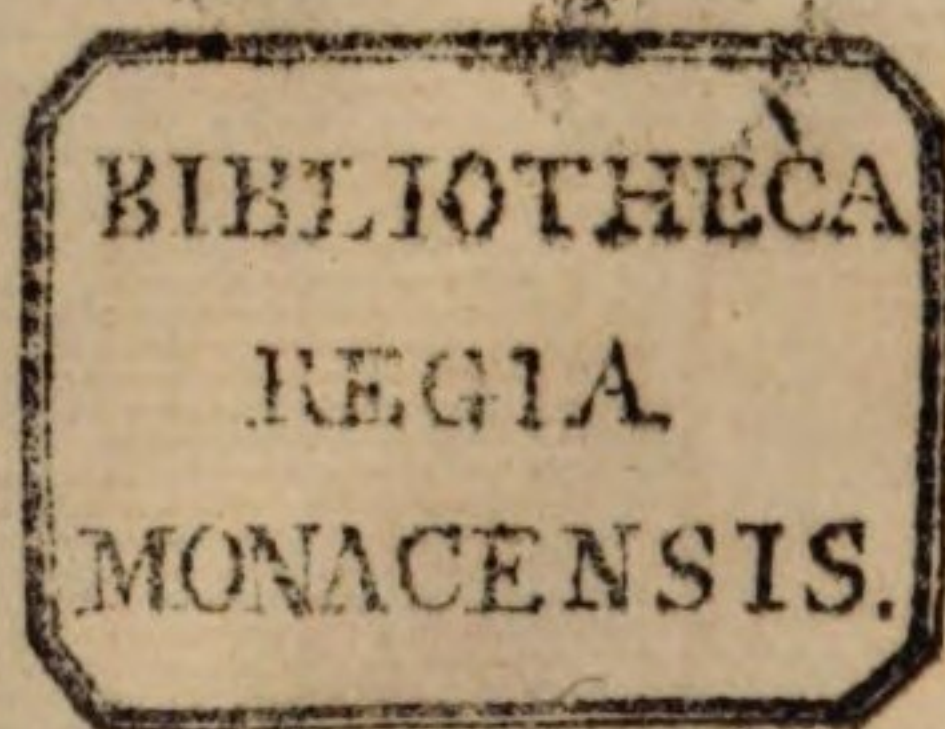
T H E
P O E T S
BRITISH POETS.

V O L. XXXVII.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



T H E

P O E M S

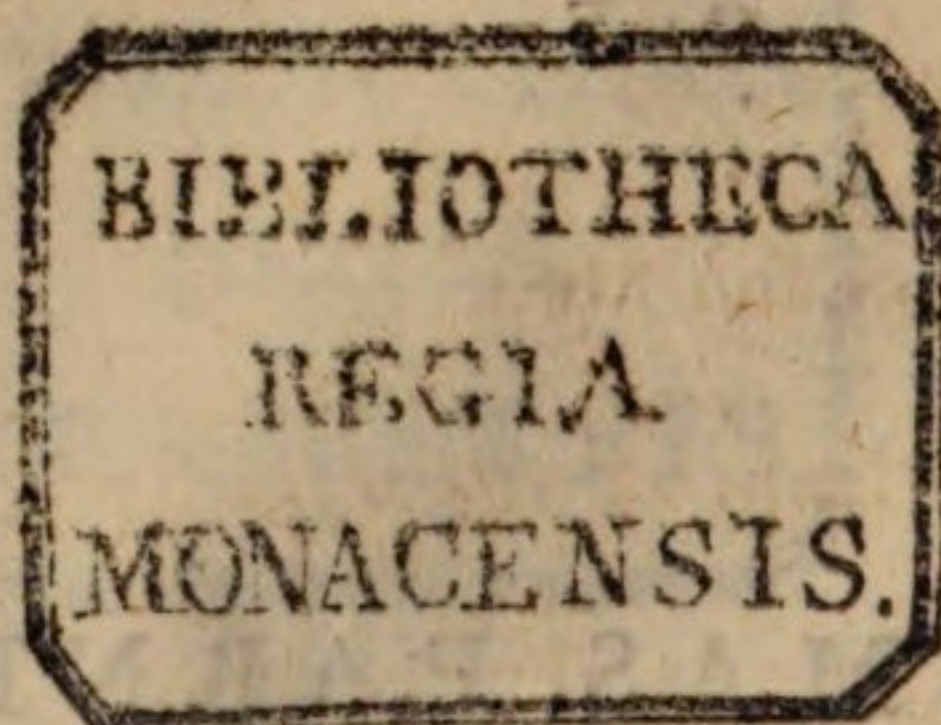
O F

DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

E D I N B U R G H :

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



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T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

R O B E R T,

E A R L of O X F O R D,

A N D

E A R L M O R T I M E R.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
'Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain;
Dear to the Muse, to HARLEY dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend:
For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to scape from flattery to wit.

A

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
 Still hear thy PARNELL in his living lays:
 Who, careless now, of int'rest, fame, or fate,
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
 Or deeming meanest, what we greatest call,
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
 Above all pain, all anger, and all pride;
 'The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,
 'The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade;
 'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
 Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace,
 When int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
 When all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain:
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
 E'en now she shades thy evening-walk with bays,
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
 Even now, observant of the parting ray,
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day;
 'Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

Sept. 25. 1721.

A. POPE.

H E S I O D :

O R, T H E

R I S E of W O M A N.

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wise)
Have left on long record of woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale;
(In Greece 'twas thought, a woman might be frail)
Ye modern Beauties! where the Poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth
(Our Author's song can witness) liv'd on earth:
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began.

Or vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a God to find;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt the curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan strait the Sire commands,
To temper mortar with ætherial hands;
In such a shape to mold a rising fair,
As virgin goddesses are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Pow'r obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the chearful Queen of charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts,
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down:
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;

Gay smiles to comfort ; April show'rs to move ;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold-scepter'd Juno next exalts the Fair ;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide ;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.

Minerva, skilful Goddess, train'd the maid
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread ;
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long web, and close the web with art,
An useful gift ; but what profuse expence
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence !

Young Hermes next, a close contriving God,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod ;
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain ;
The price of favours ; the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts ;
And for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little, pilf'ring temper of a wife.

Full on the Fair his beams Apollo flung,
And found persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue ;
He gave her words, where oily flatt'ry lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise ;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred Virgins whom the Bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on ev'ry cover play'd;
Then spread these implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close-indented comb
To call the locks that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair Flora lent her stores; the purpled hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flow'rs;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles.
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and, turning, views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' time's deep cave, the Sister Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.

Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.

A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly ;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die ;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men born to labour, all with pains provide ;
Women have time to sacrifice to pride :
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show ;
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports ;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs ;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murm'ring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side ;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share :
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance !
The curse is gen'ral, but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the Sisters, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire ;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end :
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing ;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.

A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
The present treacherous, but the bearer more ;
'Twas fraught with pangs ; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling star :
But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his veins the wand'ring passion burns,
He calls her Nymph, and every Nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to tease,
Neglects his offers, while her airs she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down ;
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

“ Now take what Jove design'd, she softly cry'd,
“ This box thy portion, and myself the bride.”
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man ! to whom so bright she shone,
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown !
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heav'n was trac'd upon the flattering deep :
But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise !
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies !

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.

For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,
 For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
 In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
 They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
 No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
 No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
 No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
 And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
 Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind;
 From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
 Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:
 The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
 And alt'ring Nature wore a sickly face:
 New terms of folly rose, new states of care;
 New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the Fair!
 The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
 Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues;
 The mean designs of well-dissembled love;
 The sordid matches never join'd above;
 Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
 (Man's double suff'rings for domestic joys)
 The curse of jealousy; expence, and strife;
 Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
 The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the Fair;
 Disdain for passion, passion in despair——
 These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find;
 Ah fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on Parnassus' tuneful Hesiod sung,
 The mountain eccho'd, and the valley rung,
 The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
 The crystal Helicon forbore to flow,

The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)
The Muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye Fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Tho' when it happened, no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair for am'rous play
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:
But swelling nature, in a fatal hour,
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bow'r;
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, 'twas the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Hesiod wand'ring, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene:
A strong suspicion strait possess'd their mind,
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind)
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
"Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward."
And urg'd with erring rage, assault the Bard.
His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the Gods would do) the corpse to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;

I see the Muses round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by ;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.
“ Here Hesiod lies : Ye future bards, beware
“ How far your moral tales incense the Fair.
“ Unlov’d, unloving, ’twas his fate to bleed ;
“ Without his quiver Cupid caus’d the deed :
“ He judg’d this turn of malice justly due,
“ And Hesiod dy’d for joys he never knew.”

S O N G.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky ;
At distance I gaze, and am aw’d by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro’ every vein ;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in
your heart,
Then I know you’re a woman again.

There’s a passion and pride
In our sex, she reply’d,
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do :
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you,

S O N G.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue :
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's easy shape and air,
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die ;
Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina, Cælia's shape ran down,
And she Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes which love could only blind ;
So set the lover free :
No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah Cælia ! fly Sabina cry'd,
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd ;
Now to support the sex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.

Poor girl, says Cælia, say no more ;
For should the swain but one adore,
That spite which broke his chains before,
Wou'd break the other's heart.

S O N G.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly,
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as blest'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle ecchoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distress;
 Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

A N A C R E O N T I C.

WHEN spring came on with fresh delight,
 To cheer the soul, and charm the sight,
 While easy breezes, softer rain,
 And warmer suns salute the plain;
 'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
 That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
 Where-e'er she trod, 'twas green beneath;
 Where-e'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
 With new recruits of genial heat;
 And in her train the birds appear,
 To match for all the coming year.

Rais'd on a bank where daisies grew,
 And vi'lets intermix'd a blue,
 She finds the boy she went to find;
 A thousand pleasures wait behind,
 Aside, a thousand arrows lie,
 But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the Dame and Boy,
 Dancing Graces, idle Joy,
 Wanton Smiles, and airy play
 Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
 Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
 And Nature bid them sing to Love,

Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the tow'ring eagle's plume
The gen'rous hearts accept their doom :
Shot by the peacock's painted eye
The vain and airy lovers die :
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing ;
Together, by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young :
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove.
And see, says Love, who call'd me near,
How much I deal with Nature here ;
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart :
'Then cease for souls averse to sigh,
If Nature cross ye, so do I ;

My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
 And shakes and shuffles thro' the skies.
 But if the mutual charms I find,
 By which she links you mind to mind,
 They wing my shafts, I poise the darts,
 And strike from both, through both your hearts.

A N A C R E O N T I C.

GAY Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine,
 A noble meal bespoke us;
 And for the guests that were to dine,
 Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The God near Cupid drew his chair,
 Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
 For wine makes Love forget its care,
 And mirth exalts a feast.

The more to please the sprightly God,
 Each sweet engaging Grace
 Put on some cloaths to come abroad,
 And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd, at ev'ry glass,
 A lady of the sky;
 While Bacchus swore he'd drink the las,
 And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus tost his brimmers o'er,
And always got the most;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miss'd the toast.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry touch;
He fill'd, and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis said, they did so then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung
By reck'ning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his stamm'ring tongue,
With all his stagg'ring gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jest;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at best.

Such talk soon set them all at odds;
And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd sing ye, how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who make them soon agree;
Nay, had the Furies selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept some darts to stir the cup,
Where sack and sugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' rosy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

'Then Cupid fought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline ;
And Venus close embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly cursing wit,
Roll'd off to some retreat ;
Where boon companions gravely sit
In fat unweildy state.

Bacchus and Jocus still behind,
For one fresh glass prepare ;
They kiss and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our instructive song ;
For tho' such friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A

FAIRY TALE,

In the Ancient ENGLISH Stile.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote weel be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could Ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape cou'd win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive Fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
 'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
 That reach'd the neighbour-town;
 With weary steps he quits the shades,
 Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
 And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
 When hollow winds remove the door,
 A trembling rocks the ground :
 And, well I ween to count aright,
 At once a hundred tapers light
 On all the walls around.

Now founding tongues assail his ear,
 Now founding feet approachen near,
 A now the sounds increase :
 And from the corner where he lay,
 He sees a train profusely gay,
 Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me Gentles !) never yet,
 Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich before ;
 The country lent the sweet perfumes,
 The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a Gallant dress'd
 In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cry'd :
 “ What mortal of a wretched mind,
 “ Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 “ Has here presum'd to hide ?”

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art controul,

Advanc'd in open fight;

“ Nor have I cause of dread, he said,

“ Who view, by no presumption led,

“ Your revels of the night.

“ 'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,

“ Which made my steps unweeting rove

“ Amid the nightly dew.”

“ 'Tis well, the Gallant cries again,

“ We Fairies never injure men

“ Who dare to tell us true.

“ Exalt thy love-dejected heart,

“ Be mine the task or ere we part,

“ To make thee grief resign;

“ Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;

“ Whilst I with Mab, my part'ner, daunce,

“ Be little Mable thine.”

He spoke, and all a sudden there

Light music floats in wanton air;

The Monarch leads the Queen :

The rest their Fairy part'ners found,

And Mable trimly tript the ground

With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,

And sicker such a feast was made

As heart and lip desire;

Withouten hands the dishes fly,

The glasses with a wish come nigh,

And with a wish retire.

But now to please the Fairy King,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise ;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.

'Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof ;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, " reverse my charm, he crys,
" And let it fairly now suffice
" The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
" Content thee Edwin for a while,
" The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play ;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow ;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye ;
Poor Edwin falls to floor ;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in like a case
Thro' all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
 Full jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the less;
 His honest tongue and steady mind
 Had rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a dauncing as he walks,
 His story soon took wind;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
 The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
 To see the revel scene:
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome
 All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
 The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall;
 Up spring the tapers as before,
 The Fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
 Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
 His spirits in him dy:
 When Oberon crys, "A man is near,
 "A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
 " Hangs flapping in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth !
 In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth,
 Intreats them pity graunt ;
 For als he been a mister wight
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
 To tread the circled haunt ;

“ Ah Lofell vile, at once they roar :
 “ And little skill'd of Fairy lore,
 “ Thy cause to come, we know ;
 “ Now has thy kestrel courage fell ;
 “ And Fairies, since a lye you tell ;
 “ Are free to work thee woe.”

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
 To trail the fwains among the mire,
 The caitive upward flung ;
 There like a tortoise in a shop
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
 Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
 They sit, they drink, and eat ;
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
 'Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
 And down ydrops the knight :
 For never spell by Fairy laid
 With strong enchantment bound a glade,
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er ;
But wot ye well his harder lot ?
His feely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared ;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head ;
And when the tale was done,
“ Thus some are born, my son, she cries,
“ With base impediments to rise,
“ And some are born with none.

“ But virtue can itself advance
“ To what the fav'rite fools of chance
“ By fortune seem'd design'd ;
“ Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
“ And from itself shake off the weight
“ Upon th' unworthy mind.”

P E R V I G I L I U M

V E N E R I S.

“ C R A S amet, qui nunquam amavit ; quique a-
 “ mavit, cras amet.”

Ver novum, ver jam canorum : Vere natus orbis est,

Vere concordant amores, vere nubent alites,

Et nemus comam resolvit de maritis imbribus.

Cras amorem copulatrix inter umbras arborum

Implicat gazus virentes de flagello myrteo.

Cras Dione jura dicit, fulta sublimi throno.

“ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ; quique amavit,
 “ cras amet.”

Tunc liquore de superno, spumeo ponti e globo,

Cæulas inter catervas, inter & bipedes equos,

Fecit undantem Dionen de maritis imbribus.

“ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ; quique amavit,
 “ cras amet.”

THE
VIGIL OF VENUS.

Written in the Time of JULIUS CÆSAR, and
by some ascribed to CATULLUS.

“LET those love now, who never lov’d before;
“Let those who always lov’d, now love the more.”
The spring, the new, the warb’ling spring appears,
The youthful season of reviving years;
In spring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather’d nation chuse their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with descending rain
And drest in diff’ring greens adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow beauty’s empress roves
Thro’ walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the shooting myrtle into bow’rs,
And ties their meeting tops with wreathes of flow’rs,
Then rais’d sublimely on her easy throne
From nature’s pow’rful dictates draws her own.

“Let those love now, who never lov’d before;
“Let those who always lov’d, now love the more.”

’Twas on that day which saw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celestial blood;
Wand’ring in circles stood the finny crew,
The midst was left a void expanse of blue,
There parent ocean work’d with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair *Dione* rose.

“Let those love now, who never lov’d before;
“Let those who always lov’d, now love the more.”

Ipſa gemmas purpurantem pingit annum floribus,
Ipſa ſurgentis papillas de Favonî ſpiritu,
Urguet in toros tepentes; ipſa roris lucidi,
Noctis aura quem relinquit, ſpargit umentis aquas,
Et micant lachrymæ trementes decidivo pondere.
Gutta præceps orbe parva ſuſtinet caſus ſuos.
In pudorem florulentæ prodiderunt purpuræ.
Umor ille, quem ſerenis aſtra rorant noctibus.
Mane virgines papillas ſolvit umentî peplo.
Ipſa juffit mane ut udæ virgines nubant roſæ
Fuſæ prius de cruore, deque amoris oſculis,
Deque gemmis, deque flammis, deque ſolis purpuris.
Cras ruborum qui latebat veſte tectus ignea,
Unica marito nodo non pudebit ſolvere.
“ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,
“ cras amet.”

Ipſa Nymphas Diva luco juffit ire myrteo
Et puer comes puellis. Nec tamen credi poteſt
Eſſe Amorem ſeriatum, ſi ſagittas vexerit.

She paints the purple year with vary'd show,
Tips the green gem, and makes the blossom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand the leaves, and shade the naked trees.
When gath'ring damps the misty nights diffuse,
She sprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at ev'ry spray,
And kept from falling, seem to fall away.

A glossy freshness hence the rose receives,
And blushes sweet through all her silken leaves;
(The drops descending through the silent night,
While stars serenely roll their golden light)
Close 'till the morn, her humid veil she holds;
Then deck'd with virgin pomp the flow'r unfolds.
Soon will the morning blush: Ye maids! prepare,
In rosy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant: The blood fair Venus shed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From love's soft kiss a sweet ambrosial smell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richest lustre makes her purple bright;
And she to-morrow weds; the sporting gale
Unites her zone, she bursts the verdant veil;
Through all her sweets the rissing lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires arise.

“ Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
“ Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.”

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay nymphs, and sends her tender love.
And shall they venture? Is it safe to go?
While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow.

Ite Nymphæ : Posuit arma, feriatus est Amor.

Iussus est inermis ire, nudus ire iussus est :

Neu quid arcu, neu sagitta, neu quid igne læderet.

Sed tamen cavete Nymphæ, quod Cupido pulcher est :

Totus est inermis idem, quando nudus est amor.

“ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ; quique amavit,

“ cras amet.”

Compari Venus pudore mittit ad te virgines.

Una res est quam rogamus cede virgo Delia,

Ut nemus sit incruentum de ferinis stragibus.

Ipfa vellet ut veneris, si deceret virginem :

Jam tribus choros videres feriatos noctibus :

Congreges inter catervas ire per saltus tuos,

Floreas inter coronas, myrteas inter cascas.

Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt, nec poetarum Deus ;

Decinent et tota nox est pervigilia cantibus.

Regnet in silvis Dione : Tu recede Delia.

“ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ; quique amavit,

“ cras amet.”

Iussit Hiblæis tribunal stare diva floribus.

Præsens ipsa jura dicit, adfederunt gratiæ.

Yes safely venture, 'tis his mother's will ;
He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver useless hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unstrung.
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his eyes have charms ;
And love that's naked, still is love in arms.

“ Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
“ Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.”

From Venus' bow'r to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train, complete with modest airs :
“ Chaste Delia ! grant our suit ! or shun the wood,
“ Nor stain this sacred lawn with savage blood.
“ Venus, O Delia ! if she could persuade,
“ Would ask thy presence, might she ask a maid.”
Here chearful quires, for three auspicious nights,
With songs prolong the pleasurable rites :
Here crouds in measure lightly decent rove ;
Or seek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flow'rets strow the scenes of love,
Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden sheaves ;
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves ;
Here Wit's enchanting God, in laurel crown'd,
Wakes all the ravish'd hours with silver sound.
Ye fields, ye forests, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntress Delia, shun the plain.

“ Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
“ Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.”

Gay with the bloom of all her op'ning year,
The queen at Hybla bids her throne appear ;
And there presides ; and there the fav'rite band
(Her smiling Graces) share the great command.

Hibla totos funde flores quidquid annus adtulit.

Hibla florum rumpe vestem, quantus Ænnæ campus est.

Ruris hic erunt puellæ, vel puellæ montium,

Quæque silvas, quæque locus, quæque montes incolunt.

Jussit omnis adfidere pueri Mater alitas,

Jussit et nudo puellas nil Amori credere.

“Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,

“cras amet.”

Et recentibus virentis ducat umbras floribus.

Cras erit qui primus æther copulavit nuptias,

Ut pater roris crearet vernis annum nubibus

In sinum maritus imber fluxit almæ conjugis,

Ut foetus immixtus omnis aleret magno corpore.

Ipse venas atque mentem permeante spiritu

Intus occultis gubernat procreatrix viribus,

Perque cœlum, perque terras, perque pontum subditum,

Pervium sui tenorem feminali tramite

Imbuit, jussitque mundum nosse nascendi vias.

“Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit; quique amavit,

“cras amet.”

Now, beauteous Hybla ! dress thy flow'ry beds
With all the pride the lavish season sheds ;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the presence of the gentle court
From ev'ry quarter rural nymphs resort.
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vales,
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing Queen
In circles seats them round the bank of green ;
And, " Lovely girls, she whispers, guard your hearts ;
" My boy, tho' stript of arms, abounds in arts."
" Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
" Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."

Let tender grass in shaded alleys spread,
Let early flow'rs erect their painted head,
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow seen,
That day, old Æther wedded earth in green,
The vernal father bid the spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The sap descending o'er her bosom ran,
And all the various sorts of soul began.
By wheels unknown to sight, by secret veins
Distilling life, the fruitful Goddess reigns,
Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, and circling sea ;
With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.

" Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
" Let those who always lov'd, now love the more."

Ipſa Trojanos nepotes in Latinos tranſtulit ;
Ipſa Laurentum puellam conjugem nato dedit :
Moxque Marti de facello dat pudicam virginem.
Romuleas ipſa fecit cum Sabinis nuptias,
Unde Rames et Quirites, proque prole poſterum
Romuli matrem crearet et nepotem Cæſarem.

“ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ; quique amavit,
“ cras amet.”

Rura fœcundat voluptas : Rura Venerem ſentiunt.
Ipſe Amor puer Dionæ rure natus dicitur.
Hunc ager cum parturiret, ipſa ſuſcepit ſinu,
Ipſa florum delicatis educavit oſculis.

“ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ; quique amavit,
“ cras amet.”

Ecce, jam ſuper geniſtas explicant tauri latus,
Quiſque tuus quo tenetur conjugali fœdere.
Subter umbras cum maritis ecce balantum gregem,
Et canoras non tacere Diva juffit alites.
Jam loquaces ore rauco ſtagna cygni perſtrepunt,
Adſonat Terei puella ſubter umbram populi,

'Twas she the parent, to the Latin shore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And winning her, the Latin empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoy'd by shows the Sabin dames she led,
And taught our vig'rous youth the means to wed.
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine,
'Thro' which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.

“ Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
“ Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.”

In rural feats the soul of pleasure reigns ;
The life of beauty fills the rural scenes ;
E'en love (if fame the truth of love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flow'ry breast,
From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.

“ Let those love now, who never lov'd before ;
“ Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.”

Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.
Now stately rams their fleecy consorts lead,
Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring shade.
And now the Goddess bids the birds appear,
Raise all their music, and salute the year ;
Then deep the Swan begins, and deep the song
Runs o'er the water where he sails along :
While Philomela tunes a treble strain,
And from the poplar charms the list'ning plain.

Ut putas motus Amoris ore dici musico,

Et neges queri sororem de marito barbaro.

Illa cantat : Nos tacemus : Quando ver venit meum ?

Quando faciam ut celidon, ut tacere desinam ?

Perdidi Musam tacendo, nec me Phœbus respicit.

Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.

“ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ; quique amavit,

“ cras amet.”

We fancy love exprest at ev'ry note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
Of barb'rous Tereus she complains no more,
But sings for pleasure, as for grief before.
And still her graces rise, her airs extend,
And all is silence till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely spring ?
And when shall I, and when the swallow sing ?
Sweet Philomela cease,——Or here I sit,
And silent lose my rapt'rous hour of wit :
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away,
His own Amycle thus, as stories run,
But once was silent, and that once undone.

“ Let those love now, who never lov'd before,
“ Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.”

H O M E R' s
BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:
OR, THE
B A T T L E
OF THE
F R O G S A N D M I C E.

MEMORANDUM

FOR THE RECORD

OF THE

BOARD OF

OF THE

AND

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *one who swells his cheeks.*

Pelus, *a name from mud.*

Hydromeduse, *a ruler in the waters.*

Hypsiboas, *a loud bawler.*

Pelion, *from mud.*

Scutlæus, *called from the beets.*

Polyphonus, *a great babler.*

Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake.*

Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*

Lymnisius, *called from the lake.*

Calaminthus, *from the herb.*

Hydrocharis, *who loves the water.*

Borborocates, *who lies in the mud.*

Prasophagus, *an eater of garlick.*

Pelusius, *from mud.*

Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*

Pressæus, *called from garlick.*

Craugasides, *from croaking.*

NAMES OF THE MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *one who plunders granaries.*

Troxartus, *a bread-eater.*

Lycomile, *a licker of meal.*

Pternotroctas, *a bacon-eater.*

Lychopynax, *a licker of dishes.*

Embafichytros, *a creeper into pots.*

Lychenor, *a name for licking.*

Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*

Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*

Tyroglyphus, *a cheese scooper.*

Pternoglyphus, *a bacon scooper.*

Pternophagus, *a bacon-eater.*

Cnissodioctes, *one who follows the steam of kitchens.*

Stiophagus, *an eater of wheat.*

Meridarpax, *one who plunders his share.*

H O M E R ' s

B A T T L E of the F R O G S, &c.

B O O K I.

TO fill my rising song with sacred fire,
 Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial quire!
 From Helicon's imbrow'ring height repair,
 Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r;
 The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
 The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;
 How threat'ning Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
 And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
 Not louder tumults shook Olympus' tow'rs,
 When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.
 Those equal acts an equal glory claim,
 And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,
 And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,
 A gentle Mouse, whom cats pursu'd in vain,
 Fled swift of-foot across the neighb'ring plain,
 Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
 And dipp'd his whiskers in the standing pool;
 When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head;
 And from the waters, hoarse-resounding said,

What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?
 What chance has cast thee panting on our coast?
 With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
 Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.
 If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
 And ent'ring view the pleasurable lake:
 Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
 And glad return from hospitable fare.
 This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
 And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.
 Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,
 Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
 Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,
 The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
 Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim
 A scepter'd King; a son of martial fame;
 Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.
 Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouse replies.

Known to the Gods, the men, the birds that fly
 Thro' wild expanses of the midway sky,
 My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
 The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me,
 Of brave Troxartas' line, whose sleeky down
 In love compress'd Lychomile the brown.
 My mother she, and Princess of the plains
 Where-e'er her father Pternotroctas reigns:
 Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
 With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
 But since our natures nought in common know,
 From what foundation can a friendship grow?
 These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
 But man's high food supports my princely soul.

In vain the circled loaves attempt to lye
 Conceal'd in flasks from my curious eye.
 In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
 In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
 In vain the cheeses, offspring of the paile,
 Or honey'd cakes, which Gods themselves regale,
 And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
 Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight.
 Tho' large to mine the human form appear,
 Not man himself can smite my soul with fear.
 Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
 Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
 And fix indented wounds with dext'rous skill;
 Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
 Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,
 Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
 And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
 Where death his ambush plants around the bait:
 All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
 The potent warriors of the tabby vest;
 If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
 And rend our heroes of the nibbling race.
 But me, nor stalks, nor waterish herbs delight,
 Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
 The lake-refounding Frogs selected fare,
 Which not a Mouse of any taste can bear.

As thus the downy Prince his mind exprest,
 His answer thus the croaking King addrest.

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
 And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:
 We sport in water, or we dance on land,
 And born amphibious, food from both command.

But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee thro':
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.

He said, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his arms around;
Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resembling ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar.
Half drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.

So pass'd Europa thro' the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, safe at last! may thus the Frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a Water-hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd, the Monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the fable fates, below.
Forgetful Frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.

He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
 Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
 Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
 And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.
 The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,
 And thus the Prince his dying rage exprest.

Nor thou, that fling'st me flound'ring from thy back,
 As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wrack,
 Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious King!
 Pursu'd by vengeance on the swiftest wing:
 At land thy strength could never equal mine,
 At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
 But heav'n has Gods, and Gods have searching eyes:
 Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd.
 His death the young Lycophynax espy'd,
 As on the flow'ry brink he pass'd the day,
 Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away.
 Loud shrieks the Mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
 The nimbling nation learn their heroe's fate:
 Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
 And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
 From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
 To fix their council with the rising sun;
 Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
 And winds his length'ning court beneath the plains.
 Psycarpax father, father now no more!
 For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore;
 Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
 And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

B O O K II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clouds,
Around their Monarch-mouse the nation crouds;
Slow rose the Sov'reign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, addrest.

For lost Pfycarpax much my soul endures,
'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas! before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning cat,
As near my court the Prince unheadful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Plung'd in the lake by Physignathus, dy'd.
Rouse all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;
And bleed that Monarch, and his nation bleed.

His words in ev'ry breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:
The lamp's round boss affords them ample shield;
Large shells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.

Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear ;
The wond'ring Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forfake the waters, thick'ning form a ring,
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring.
When near the croud, disclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew :
The sacred herald's scepter grac'd his hand,
And thus his words express'd his King's command.

Ye Frogs ! ye Mice, with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour shake the shining lance :
Their hapless Prince by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the wat'ry plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try ;
Lead forth those Frogs that have the soul to die.

The Chief retires, the croud the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling yet perplex'd appear :
Much they resent, yet much their Monarch blame,
Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame.

O Friends ! I never forc'd the Mouse to death,
Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath.

He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,
And vent'rous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.

To vengeance now by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head ;
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.

Your King directs the way, my thoughts elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight :

Then, where the dancing father joins the crest,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest;
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
'Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters, and the shores resound:
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort which the target made.
Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glist'ned o'er the field:
And tap'ring sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ætherial skies,
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the Gods assume their golden seats:
The Sire superior leans, and points to show
What wond'rous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the num'rous heroes stride!
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride!
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This seen, the Pow'r his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heav'nly guardians take the list,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist?

Then thus to Pallas. If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind?
Drawn forth by sav'ry steams they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where, while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the Goddesses of the feast.

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious skies;
But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies:
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,
To such thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my chrystal lamps of feeding oil.
(Ills following ill!) but what afflicts me more,
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Rèlentless wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot and crost the silver thread;
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,
For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve,
(The Gods, that use to coin, have none to give,
And learning's Goddesses never less can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below.)
Nor let the Frogs to win my succour sue.
Those clam'rous fools have lost my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight;

When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
 And sunk with slumber on my swelling shield;
 Lo! from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
 With noisy croakings half the nation rose:
 Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
 'Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
 Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
 Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear;
 Lest heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)
 Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe.
 Some daring Mouse may meet the wond'rous odds,
 Tho' Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods.
 O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
 And be the wars of mortal scenes for you.

So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen; her words persuade,
 Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

B O O K III.

NOW front to front the marching armies shine,
 Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning line:
 The Chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
 Give the loud signal to the rushing war;
 Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
 The founded charge re-murmurs o'er the ground,
 Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
 And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled sky.

First to the fight large Hypsiboas flew,
 And brave Lychenor with a javelin flew.

The luckless warrior, fill'd with gen'rous flame,
 Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of fame;
 When in his liver struck, the javelin hung;
 The Mouse fell thund'ring, and the target rung;
 Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,
 And soil'd in dust his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,
 The missive spear within the bosom past;
 Death's sable shades the fainting Frog surround,
 And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
 Embasichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
 Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;
 But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,
 And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
 And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
 For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;
 Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
 And breath'd his soul against the face of day.

The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire,
 A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
 With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
 And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought;
 (A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,
 But arts in vain elude impending fate;)
 Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
 And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
 Lychenor (second of the glorious name)
 Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;
 Thro' all the Frogs the shining jav'lin flies,
 And near the vanquish'd Mouse the victor dies.

The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
 Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,

Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And wildly floundring flashes up the deep;
Lychenor following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Thro' the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcase floats along.

Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry vales,
Lost to the milky fares and rular feat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthus shuns by flight,
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,
Glides thro' the lake, and safely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,
His parents fed him on the savage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursu'd,
'Till fall'n in death he lies, a shatt'ring stone
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone.
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.

Ly chopinax with Borborocates fights,
A blameless Frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal jav'lin unrelenting flies,
And darkness seals the gentle Croaker's eyes.

Incens'd Prassophagus with spritely bound,
Bears Cnissodioctes off the rising ground,

Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)
Swift to revenge his fatal jav'lin fled,
And thro' the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corpse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.

This saw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monst'rous mass of mud,
The cloud obscene o'er all the heroe flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the shore
A stone immense of size the warrior bore,
A load for lab'ring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Ask ten degen'rate Mice of modern days.
Full on the leg arrives the crushing wound:

The Frog supportless, writhes upon the ground.

Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course,
Hoarse-croaking threats precede! with fatal speed
Deep thro' the belly run the pointed reed,
Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.

The lame Sitophagus oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches rising weeds supply
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd from heat,
And safe embow'r'd, avoids the chance of fate.

But here Troxartas, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear:

But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,
And half in anguish of the flight expires.

Then pious ardor young Preßæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings :
Lank harmless Frog ! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which faintly tinkling on Troxatas' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his Sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse :
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior singled from the fighting croud,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud ;
Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopl'd ground.
But pow'rful Jove, who shews no less his grace
To Frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began
The Sire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and Man.

What seas of blood I view ! what worlds of slain !
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign ;

How fierce his jav'lin o'er the trembling lakes
The black fur'd heroe Meridarpax shakes !
Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,
Soon will the Frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her Ægis blaze before his eye ;
While Mars refulgent on his ratt'ling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious God of combats said :
Nor Pallas, Jove ! tho' Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield ;
Nor Mars himself, tho' Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight ;
Not these can drive the desp'rate Mouse afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heav'n in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies,
Such ardent bolts as flew that wond'rous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay ;
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.

'Twas thus th' armipotent advis'd the Gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep-length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground ;
The bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with light'ning flies,
And rends its flaming passage thro' the skies :
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.

Yet still the Mice advance their dread design,
 And the last danger threatens the croaking line,
 'Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
 With strange assistants fill'd the frightened shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to view,
 They march, a sudden unexpected crew !
 Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
 Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows ;
 In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go ;
 With harpy claws their limbs divide below ;
 Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command ;
 From out the flesh their bones by nature stand ;
 Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise ;
 Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs ;
 With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd ;
 Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd ;
 On eight long feet the wond'rous warriors tread ;
 And either end alike supplies a head.

These, mortal wits to call the Crabs, agree,
 The Gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
 The heroes tails with sev'ring grasps they rend.
 Here, short of feet, depriv'd the pow'r to fly,
 There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
 Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
 The bending lances heap the cumber'd ground.
 Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
 And mad confusion thro' their host appear ;
 O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,
 Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down Olympus to the western seas
 Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays ;
 And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
 Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

TO MR P O P E.

TO praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
What music tune them? what affection fire?

O might thy genius in my bosom shine!
Thou shouldst not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor forest sees a gliding stream,
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by the Muse the envy of the Fair;
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds,
Bells war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods,
The new machines in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the chymic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The Graces stand in sight; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits
Inshrined on high the sacred Virgil sits,
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's muse
To place thee near him might be fond to chuse.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize.
Rapt with the thought my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia hail!
Here in the cool thy limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head,
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy vallies in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy HOMER warms with all his ancient heat,
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing, wrap'd him round with night,
Thine rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden oar,
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, The mines were here:

Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
 And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
 Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
 The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new designs!
 How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!
 Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
 And rise in raptures by another's heat.
 Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
 When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
 Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,
 And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
 The shades resound with song—O softly tread!
 While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires
 My silent harp its master's hand requires,
 Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
 For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
 Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
 From wit, from learning,—far, oh far from thee!
 Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
 Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
 Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
 Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
 Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood,
 Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.

Yet here Content can dwell, and learned ease,
 A friend delight me, and an author please;
 Ev'n here I sing, while POPE supplies the theme,
 Show my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

A TRANSLATION of part of the first Canto of
the RAPE of the LOCK, into Leonine verse,
after the manner of the ancient Monks.

ET nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ :
Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida nympha ;
Jamque sine mendâ, cœlestis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos.
Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque superbia ! latuè,
Dona venusta ; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cista :
Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit ;
Atque elephans lentè, te pectit Lesbia dente ;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè ;
Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
Induit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo ;
Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens ;
Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratiâ visûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura gliscet,
Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique salutî,
Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam ;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty !
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

Part of the first Canto of the RAPE of
the LOCK.

AND now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid,
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears :
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,
The Fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care ;
These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

H E A L T H. A N E C L O G U E.

NOW early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glitt'ring grass;
The cows neglectful of their pasture stand,
By turns obsequious to the milker's hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleasant walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.

Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country Goddess, beauteous health! repair;
Here let my breast thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
The rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,
The face of Nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daizies blow beneath the sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove,
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,

With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country Goddess, come; nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.

Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, croud her early train;
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.

All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie soft'ning 'till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:

I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
'Fo wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change.

Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural song!
And bring thy daughter, calm Content along,

Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly :
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flow'rs ;
To welcome her, this summer feat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest ;
When she from exercise to learned ease,
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.

Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine :

Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove ;
The native Bard that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains ;
Or Maro's muse that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight :
These soft amusements bring Content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.

Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

T H E
F L I E S ;
A N E C L O G U E.

WHEN in the river cows for coolness stand,
And sheep for breezes seek the lofty land,
A youth, whom Æsop taught that ev'ry tree,
Each bird and insect spoke as well as he;
Walk'd calmly musing in a shaded way,
Where flow'ring hawthorns broke the sunny ray,
And thus instructs his moral pen to draw
A scene that obvious in the field he saw.

Near a low ditch, where shallow waters meet,
Which never learnt to glide with liquid feet;
Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,
But screen'd with hedges slumber out the day;
There stands a slender fern's aspiring shade,
Whose answ'ring branches regularly laid,
Put forth their answ'ring boughs, and proudly rise
Three stories upward, in the nether skies.

For shelter here, to shun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the Flies retreat;
Some in soft air their silken pinions ply,
And some from bough to bough delighted fly,

Some rise, and circling light to perch again ;
 A pleasing murmur hums along the plain.
 So, when a stage invites to pageant shows,
 (If great and small are like) appear the beaux ;
 In boxes some with spruce pretension sit,
 Some change from seat to seat within the pit,
 Some roam the scenes, or turning cease to roam ;
 Preluding music fills the lofty dome.

When thus a Flie (if what a Flie can say
 Deserves attention) rais'd the rural lay.

Where late Amitor made a nymph a bride,
 Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,
 Who, mindless of the feasting, went to sip
 The balmy pleasure of the shepherd's lip.
 I saw the Wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,
 And half resolv'd to drown me in the cup ;
 'Till brush'd by careless hands, she soar'd above ;
 Cease, Beauty ! cease to vex a tender love.

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
 And thus the rival of the music sung.

When suns by thousands shone in orbs of dew,
 I wafted soft with Zephyretta flew ;
 Saw the clean pail, and sought the milky chear,
 While little Daphne seiz'd my roving Dear.
 Wretch that I was ! I might have warn'd the dame,
 Yet sat indulging as the danger came.
 But the kind hunt'refs let her free to soar :
 Ah ! guard, ye lovers, guard a mistress more.

Thus from the fern, whose high projecting arms,
 The fleeting nation bent with dusky swarms,
 The swains their love in easy music breathe,
 When tongues and tumult stun the field beneath,

-Black Ants in teems come dark'ning all the road,
Some call to march, and some to lift the load;
They strain, they labour with incessant pains,
Press'd by the cumb'rous weight of single grains.
The Flies struck silent gaze with wonder down:
The busy Burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burthens of a wint'ry store,
And thence unwearied part in search of more.
Yet one grave sage a moment's space attends,
And the small city's loftiest point ascends,
Wipes the salt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the gravest grace.

Ye foolish nurslings of the summer air!
These gentle tunes and whining songs forbear;
Your trees and whisp'ring breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his Mother's dove;
Let bards to business bend their vig'rous wing,
And sing but seldom, if they love to sing:
Else, when the flow'rets of the season fail,
And thus your ferny shade forsakes the vale,
Tho' one would save ye, not one grain of wheat,
Should pay such songsters idling at my gate.

He ceas'd: The Flies incorrigibly vain,
Heard the May'r's speech, and fell to sing again.

A N

E L E G Y,

T O A N

O L D B E A U T Y.

IN vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight
 You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
 Your face with patches foil, with paint repair,
 Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.
 If truth in spite of manners must be told,
 Why really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young; or one whose life's so long
 She might have born my mother, tells me wrong.
 And once, since envy's dead before you die,
 The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,
 Taught the light foot a modish little trip,
 And pouted with the prettiest little lip —

To some new charmer are the roses fled,
 Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;
 Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,
 And airs by thousands fill their easy train.
 So parting summer bids her flow'ry prime
 Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,
 While with'ring seasons in succession, here,
 Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since Nature bids, the world resign,
 'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.
 With more address, or such as pleases more,
 She runs her female exercises o'er,
 Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
 And smiles, or blushes at the creature man.
 With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,
 In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.
 With better strength, on visit days she bears
 To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.
 Her mein, her shape, her temper, eyes and tongue
 Are sure to conquer—for the rogue is young;
 And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
 We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,
 The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
 'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
 And hears the flatt'ring tongues of soft desire,
 If not from virtue, from its gravest ways
 The soul with pleasing avocation strays.
 But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
 As harpers better by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
 Haunt less the plays, and more the public pray'rs,
 Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
 Go pray, in sober Norwich crape array'd.
 Thy pendent diamonds let thy Fanny take,
 (Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake)
 Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
 You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
 So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,
 You walk thro' life, unmingled with the young;

And view the shade and substance as you pass
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,
Or Folly drest, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise :
Yet still sedate yourself, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
The wise Athenian crost a glitt'ring fair,
Unmov'd by tongues and sights, he walk'd the place,
'Thro' tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume and lace ;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And, *What a World I never want ?* he cries :
But cries unheard ; for folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd, and he :
As careless he for them, as they for him ;
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

T H E
B O O K - W O R M.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
 The Book-Worm, ravening beast of prey,
 Produc'd by parent earth, at odds,
 As fame reports it, with the Gods.
 Him frantic hunger wildly drives
 Against a thousand authors lives :
 Thro' all the fields of wit he flies ;
 Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,
 With horns without, and tusks within,
 And scales to serve him for a skin,
 Observe him nearly, lest he climb
 To wound the bards of ancient time,
 Or down the vale of fancy go
 To tear some modern wretch below.
 On every corner fix thine eye,
 Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat :
 We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
 But who the shelter's forc'd to give ?
 'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live !
 From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
 He draws the tadpole form along,
 He mounts the gilded edge before,
 He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,
 He turns, he doubles, there he past,
 And here we have him, caught at last.

Infatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage.
By thee my Ovid wounded lies ;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies :
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the Priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here ;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain ;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to Poets ! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise ;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.

But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye Gods! what sonnets on a wench?
What lean translations out of French?
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.

But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh! had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or Tate! thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

- “ This trophy from the Pithon won,
“ This robe, in which the deed was done,
“ These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
“ Hung on these shelves, the Muses' feat.
“ Here ignorance and hunger found
“ Large realms of wit to ravage round;
“ Here ignorance and hunger fell :
“ Two foes in one I sent to hell.
“ Ye poets, who my labours see,
“ Come share the triumph all with me!
“ Ye Critics! born to vex the Muse,
“ Go mourn the grand allay you lose.”

A N

A L L E G O R Y

O N

M A N.

A Thoughtful Being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care :
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the Gods have call'd him too)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, tho' not one bought.

'This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal fable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake ;
Wond'ring to see himself awake !
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The bus'ness he was made to do ;
That pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely shew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An Under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a Poet's God :

(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's obliged to quake :)
He saw old mother Earth arise,
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes :
As yet with wreaths alone she drest,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honours made,—Great Jove! she cry'd,
This thing was fashion'd from my side :
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine ;
Then what hast thou to call him thine ?

Nay rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were that I gave remov'd away ?
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.
Halves, more than halves ! cry'd honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause, as Man.
And can celestial tempers rage ?
(Quoth Virgil in a later age.)

As thus they wrangled, Time came by :
(There's none that paint him such as I ;
For what the fabling Ancients sung,
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)

As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honours on his head ;
He just had got his pinions free,
From his old fire Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before ;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Ægypt meant the year.
A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day, and night, was py'd ;
A bending sickle arm'd his side ;
And Spring's new months his train adorn ;
The other seasons were unborn.

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
(Where since his hours a dial made ;)
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate.

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began ;
But since their union makes the Man,
'Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, Man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year ;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove, and for consent
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way,
With Care I let the creature stay :
Let bus'ness vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill.
'Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow ;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find, by this decree,
The foul flies sooner back to me.

A N
I M I T A T I O N

O F S O M E

F R E N C H V E R S E S.

RELENTLESS Time! destroying pow'r

Whom stone and brass obey,

Who giv'ſt to every flying hour

To work ſome new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unſeen,

Thy ſecret ſaps prevail,

And ruin man, a nice machine

By Nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet,

Before I thought it nigh.

My ſpring, my years of pleaſure fleet,

And all their beauties die.

In age I ſearch, and only find

A poor unfruitful gain,

Grave wiſdom ſtalking ſlow behind,

Oppreſs'd with loads of pain.

F

My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd Hope to smile
On newly-born desire.

But now experience shews, the bliss
For which I fondly fought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
(In all her pomp she shone)
And might, perhaps, have well essay'd
To make her gifts my own:

But when I saw the blessing show'r
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the Pow'r
Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vig'rous fire,
By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
 My troubles laid to rest ;
 And truths which would disturb my peace,
 Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
 In sad reflection flies ;
 Ye fondling passions of my soul !
 Ye sweet deceits ! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,
 To things that us'd to please ;
 In pain, philosophy is spleen,
 In health, 'tis only ease.

A

NIGHT-PIECE on DEATH.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er :
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky !
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire :
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night,
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life possess,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our sett of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away ;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These all the poor remains of state
Adorn the rich, or praise the great ;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All flow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.

When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I!
They view me like the last of things:
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why then thy flowing fable stoles,
Deep pendent cypresses, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearfes, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:
Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

H Y M N

T O

C O N T E N T M E N T.

L OVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!

Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O! whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head?
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease?

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Encreasing Avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold inshrin'd.
The bold advent'rer plows his way,
Thro' rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The silent heart with grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd, as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat;

Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy :
 Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
 In heav'nly vision, praise, and pray'r ;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone :
 Then while the gardens take my sight,
 With all the colours of delight ;
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear, and court my song :
 I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
 And thee, great Source of Nature ! sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world, and give the day ;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
 The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain ;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me :
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
 Your busy or your vain extreams ;
 And find a life of equal bliss,
 Or own the next begun in this.

T H E

H E R M I T.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days;
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grafs,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching,—Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son! the rev'rend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grafs.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: The liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
'Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause to woe ;
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The youngest guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
'Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
So seem'd the Sire ; when far upon the road,
'The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud a-cross the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and gripping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;

The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls ;
Bread of the coarsest fort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settling feature of his face !
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought ;

His partner's acts without their cause appear,
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here;
 Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lye,
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck: The landlord's little pride,
 O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
 How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;

Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the Youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage enflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch——But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ætherial bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his word suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind ;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel——Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bliss, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Thus artists melt the fullen oar of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run?
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow)
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back?
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: This trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On founding pinions here the Youth withdrew,
 The Sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew.
 Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
 His Master took the chariot of the sky;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

P I E T Y :

O R, T H E

V I S I O N.

'T W A S when the night in silent sable fled,
When chearful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to croud the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'Twas then, as slumb'ring on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,
Her raiment glitt'ring seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.

Strait as I gaz'd my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining croud
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd;
'Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran,
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began.

“ Where glorious mansions are prepar’d above,
 “ The seats of music, and the seats of love,
 “ Thence I descend, and PIETY my name,
 “ To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
 “ To teach thee praises mix’d with humble pray’rs,
 “ And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs ;
 “ Be thou my Bard.” A vial here she caught,
 (An Angel’s hand the crystal vial brought)
 And as with awful sound the word was said,
 She pour’d a sacred unction on my head ;
 Then thus proceeded : “ Be thy muse thy zeal,
 “ Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal ;
 “ While other pencils flatt’ring forms create,
 “ And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great ;
 “ While other pens exalt the vain delight,
 “ Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night ;
 “ Or others softly sing in idle lines,
 “ How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines ;
 “ More wisely thou select a theme divine ;
 “ ’Tis Fame’s their recompense, ’tis Heav’n is thine.
 “ Despise the fervours of unhallow’d fire,
 “ Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
 “ Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
 “ Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth ;
 “ Like working seas, that when loud winters blow,
 “ Not made for rising, only rage below :
 “ Mine is a great, and yet a lasting heat,
 “ More lasting still, as more intensely great, [breathe,
 “ Produc’d where pray’r, and praise, and pleasure
 “ And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
 “ Unpaint the love that hov’ring over beds,
 “ From glitt’ring pinions guilty pleasure sheds,

- “ Restore the colour to the golden mines
“ With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
“ To flow'ring greens give back their native care;
“ The rose and lilly never his to wear;
“ To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath,
“ Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death;
“ His bow be fabled o'er, his shafts the same,
“ And fork and point them with eternal flame.
“ But urge thy pow'rs, thine utmost voice advance,
“ Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance;
“ 'Tis love that Angels praise and men adore,
“ 'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
“ Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
“ Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way,
“ And all in glory wrapt, thro' paths untrod,
“ Pursue the great unseen descent of God!
“ Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
“ The child is God! and call him JESUS here;
“ He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
“ Make the Great Being in a manger lie;
“ Fill the wide skies with Angels on the wing,
“ Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
“ Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
“ And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
“ Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
“ And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
“ I'll bathe my tresses there, my pray'rs rehearse,
“ And glide in flames of love along thy verse.
“ Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
“ My raptures smother what I long to tell!
“ 'Tis God! a present God! Thro' cleaving air
“ I see the throne! I see the JESUS there!

“ Plac’d on the right ; he shows the wounds he bore !
 “ (My fervours oft have won him thus before)
 “ How pleas’d he looks ! my words have reach’d his ear ;
 “ He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near.”

She ceas’d. The cloud on which she seem’d to tread,
 Its curls unfolded, and around her spread ;
 Bright Angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
 And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud ;
 The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
 Is tun’d to wond’rous music, as they fly ;
 And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
 And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
 And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke :
 Thou beauteous Vision, on the soul impress’d,
 When most my reason would appear to rest !
 ’Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
 Some curious Angel limn’d thy sacred sights ;
 From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
 White moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
 I’ll mount the roving wind’s expanded wing,
 And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing ;
 (’Tis known in Jewry well) I’ll make my lays,
 Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

But still I fear, unwarm’d with holy flame,
 I take for truth the flatteries of a dream ;
 And barely wish the wond’rous gift I boast,
 And faintly practise what deserves it most.

Indulgent LORD ! whose gracious love displays
 Joys in the light, and fills the dark with ease ;
 Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss,
 Or be, to bless my nights, my dreams like this.

B A C C H U S :

O R, T H E

V I N E S O F L E S B O S.

AS Bacchus ranging at his leisure,
(Jolly Bacchus, king of pleasure!)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thousand airy fancies;
Alas! he quite forgot the while
His fav'rite vines in Lesbos' isle.

The God returning ere they dy'd,
Ah! see my jolly Fawns, he cry'd,
The leaves but hardly born are red,
And the bare arms for pity spread;
The beasts afford a rich manure,
Fly, my boys, and bring the lure;
Up the mountains, down the vales;
Thro' the woods, and o'er the dales;
For this, if full the clusters grow,
Your bowls shall doubly overflow.

So chear'd, with more officious haste
They bring the dung of every beast,
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
They lay the rich manure with care,
While oft he calls to labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants revive, new leaves appear,
The thick'ning clusters load the year;

The season swiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe, a day serene,
Now calls them all to work again ;
The Fawns thro' every furrow shoot
To load their flasks with the fruit ;
And now the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jovial God.

Strow the roses, raise the song,
See the master comes along !
Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,
Whim and Frolic follow after.

The Fawns beside the vatts remain,
To shew the work and reap the gain.

All around, and all around
They sit to riot on the ground,
A vessel stands amidst the ring,
And here they laugh, and there they sing ;
Or rise a jolly jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand ;
Dance about, and shout amain,
Then sit to laugh and sing again.

But, as an ancient author sung,
The vine manur'd with every dung,
From every creature strangely drew,
A tang of brutal nature too ;
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns
New turns of humour seiz'd the Fawns.

Here one was crying out, by Jove !
Another, Fight me in the grove ;
This wounds a friend, and that the trees :
The Lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout,
And talks impertinently free ;
And twenty talks the same as he ;
Chatt'ring, airy, idle, kind :
These take the Monkey-turn of mind.

Here one who saw the nymphs that stood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Steals off, to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the shade ;
While loose discourse another raises
In naked nature's plainest phrases ;
And every glass he drinks enjoys
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise ;
Mad and careless, hot and vain,
Such as these the Goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,
And drinks and wants another cup,
Solemn, silent, and sedate,
Ever long and ever late,
Full of meats and full of wine ;
This takes his temper from the Swine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe,
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath,
Gaping, tender, apt to weep ;
Their nature's alter'd by the Sheep.

'Twas thus one Autumn all the crew
(If what the Poets sing be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feast
Inclin'd to one or other beast ;
And since 'tis said for many a mile
He spread the vines of Lesbos' isle.

T H E
H O R S E
A N D T H E
O L I V E.

WITH moral tale let ancient wisdom move,
 Whilst thus I sing to make the moderns wise:
 Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove,
 And rising Athens was the victor's prize.

By Neptune, Plutus, (guardian pow'r of gain)
 By great Minerva, bright Apollo stood;
 But Jove superior bade the side obtain,
 Which best contriv'd to do the nation good.

Then Neptune striking, from the parted ground
 The warlike Horse came pawing on the plain,
 And as it tost its mane, and pranc'd around,
 By this he cries, I'll make the people reign.

The Goddess, smiling, gently bow'd her spear,
 And rather thus they shall be blest'd she said:
 Then upwards shooting in the vernal air,
 With loaded boughs the fruitful Olive spread.

Jove saw what gift the rural powers design'd,
 And took th' impartial scales, resolv'd to show,
 If greater bliss in warlike pomp we find,
 Or in the calm which peaceful times bestow.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide ;
But plenty, safety, science, arts and ease,
Minerva's scale with greater weight supply'd.

Fierce war devours whom gentle peace would save ;
Sweet peace restores what angry war destroys ;
War made for peace, with that rewards the brave,
While peace its pleasures from itself enjoys.

Hence vanquish'd Neptune to the sea withdrew,
Hence wise Minerva rul'd Athenian lands ;
Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
And still her Olives deck pacific hands.

From Fables thus disclos'd, a monarch's mind
May form just rules to chuse the truly great,
And subjects weary'd with distresses find,
Whose kind endeavours most befriend the state.

E'en Britain here may learn to place her love.
If cities won, her kingdom's wealth have cost ;
If Anna's thoughts the patriot souls approve,
Whose cares restore that wealth the wars had lost.

But if we ask, the moral to disclose,
Whom her best patroness Europa calls,
Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies :
Whene'er she pleas'd, her troops to conquest flew ;
Whene'er she pleases, peaceful times arise :
She gave the Horse, and gives the Olive too.

E L Y S I U M.

IN airy fields, the fields of bliss below,
Where woods of myrtle set by Maro grow;
Where grass beneath, and shade diffus'd above,
Refresh the fever of distracted love :
There at a solemn tide, the beauties slain
By tender passion, act the fates again :
'Thro' gloomy light that just betrays the grove,
In Orgyes all disconsolately rove ;
They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies sweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of sleep ;
By lakes subsiding with a gentle face,
And rivers gliding with a silent pace,
Where kings and swains, by ancient authors sung,
Now chang'd to flow'rets, o'er the margin hung ;
The self-admirer, white Narcissus, so
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below ;
In bells of azure, Hyacinth arose,
In crimson painted young Adonis glows ;
The fragrant Crocus shone with golden flame,
And leaves inscrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.
A sad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And with their passion makes their tears renew ;
Unwinds the years, and lays the former scene,
Where after death, they live for deaths again.

Lost by the glories of her lover's state,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate,
And runs, and seems to burn, the flames arise,
And fan with idle furies as she flies.

The lovely Cænis, whose transforming shape
Secur'd her honour from a second rape,
Now moans the first, with ruff'd dress appears,
Feels her whole sex return, and bathes with tears.

The jealous Procris wipes a seeming wound,
Whose trickling crimson dyes the bushy ground,
Knows the sad shaft, and calls before she go,
To kiss the fav'rite hand that gave the blow.

O'er a feign'd Ocean's rage the Sestian Fair
Holds a dim taper from a tower of air ;
A noiseless wind assaults the wav'ring light,
The beauty tumbling, mingles with the night.

Where curling shades for rough Leucate rose,
With love distracted, tuneful Sappho goes ;
Sings to mock cliffs a melancholy lay,
And with a lover's leap affrights the sea.

The sad Eryphile retreats to moan
What wrought her husband's death, and caus'd her own ;
Surveys the glitt'ring vail, the bribe of fate,
And tears the shadow, but she tears too late.

In thin design and airy picture fleet
The tales that stain the royal house of Crete :
To court a lovely bull Pasiphæa flies,
The snowy phantom feeds before her eyes ;
Lost Ariadne raves, the thread she bore
Trails on unwinding as she walks the shore ;
And desp'rate Phædra seeks the lonely groves
To read her guilty letter while she roves ;

Red shame confounds the first, the second wears
A starry crown, the third a halter bears.

Fair Laodamia mourns her nuptial night
Of love defrauded by the thirst of fight;
Yet for another as delusive cries,
And dauntless sees her hero's ghost arise.

Here Thisbe, Canace, and Dido stand
All arm'd with swords, a fair but angry band;
This sword a lover own'd, a father gave
The next, the last a stranger chanc'd to leave.

And there even she, the Goddess of the grove,
Join'd with the phantom Fair, affects to rove,
As once for Latmos she forsook the plain,
To steal the kisses of a slumb'ring swain;
Around her head a starry fillet twines,
And at the front a silver crescent shines.

These, and a thousand, and a thousand more,
With sacred rage recal the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep dart afresh, and ask relief,
Or soothe the wound with softening words of grief.
At such a tide unheedful Love invades
The dark recesses of the madding shades,
'Thro' long descent he fans the fogs around,
His purple feathers as he flies resound.

The nimble beauties crouding all to gaze,
Confess the common trouble of their ease;
'Tho' dulling mists and dubious day destroy
The fine appearance of the flutt'ring boy,
'Tho' all the pomp that glitters at his side,
The golden belt, the clasp and quiver hid,
And tho' the torch appear a gleam of white
That faintly spots and moves thro' hazy night;

Yet still they know the God, the general foe,
And threat'ning lift their airy hands below.

As mindless of their rage he slowly fails
On pinions cumber'd in the misty vales;
(Ah! fool to light) the nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this region ever his to sway;
Cast in a deepen'd ring they close the plain,
And seize the God reluctant all in vain.

From hence they lead him where a myrtle stood,
The saddest myrtle in the mournful wood,
Devote to vex the God, 'twas here before
Hell's awful empress soft Adonis bore,
When the young hunter scorn'd her graver air,
And only Venus warm'd his shadow there.
Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
For beauty still relentless acts in hate;
'Tho' no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love must be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial passion led,
To shift their follies on another's head.

Now sharp reproaches ring their shrill alarms,
And all the heroines brandish all their arms,
And every heroine makes it her decree,
That Cupid suffer just the same as she;
'To fix the desp'rate halter one essay'd;
One seeks to wound him with an empty blade;
Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
'They fall in fancy, and he feels despair;
Some toss the hollow seas around his head,
(The seas that want a wave afford a dread)

Or shake the torch, the sparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.

The groaning Myrrha bursts her rinded womb,
And drowns his visage in the moist perfume;
While others, seeming mild, advise to wound
With hum'rous pains, by fly derision found;
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roses first begin to glow;
Or in the flames to singe the boy prepare,
That all should chuse by wanton fancy where.

The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breast,
She too securely thro' the circle prest,
Forgot the parent, urg'd his hasty fate,
And spurr'd the female rage beyond debate;
O'er all her scenes of frailty swiftly runs,
Absolves herself, and makes the crime her son's;
That clasp'd in chains with Mars she chanc'd to lye,
A noted fable of the laughing sky;
That from her Love's intemp'rate heat began
Sicanian Eryx, born a savage man;
The loose Priapus, and the monster-wight
In whom the sexes shamefully unite.

Nor words suffice the Goddess of the Fair,
She snaps the rosy wreath that binds her hair,
Then on the God who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands unpitying dealt the frequent blow;
From all his tender skin, a purple dew
The dreadful scourges of the chaplet drew;
From whence the rose by Cupid tinged before,
Now doubly tinged, flames with lustre more.

Here ends their wrath; the parent seems severe,
The strokes unfit for little Love to bear;

To save their foe the melting beauties fly,
“ And cruel mother ! spare thy child, they cry ;”
To Love’s account they plac’d their deaths of late,
And now transfer the sad account to fate ;
The mother pleas’d beheld the storm assuage,
Thank’d the calm mourners, and dismiss’d her rage.

Thus Fancy once in dusky shade exprest,
With empty terrors work’d the time of rest,
Where wretched Love endur’d a world of woe,
For all a Winter’s length of night below ;
Then soar’d, as sleep dissolv’d, unchain’d away,
And thro’ the port of Iv’ry reach’d the Day.

T O

D R S W I F T.

URG'D by the warmth of sacred friendship's flame,
 But more by all the wonders of thy fame,
 By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
 In judgment solid, as in wit refin'd;
 Resolv'd I sing, tho' lab'ring up the way
 To reach my theme—O Swift! accept my lay.

Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
 Thro' Contemplation's airy fields I rove,
 Where powerful Fancy purifies my eye,
 And lights the beauties of a brighter sky,
 Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,
 Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
 Then fills its landscape thro' the varied parts
 With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts,
 Superior forms, of more than mortal air,
 More large than mortals, more serenely fair:
 And there two chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
 Contend to raise thee to the point of fame.

Ye future times!—I heard the silver sound,
 I saw the Graces form a circle round;
 Each where she fix'd attentive seem'd to root,
 And all but Eloquence herself was mute.

H

High o'er the throng I saw the Goddess rise,
Free to the breeze her upper garment flies;
By turns within her eye the passions burn,
The softer passions languish in their turn;
Upon her lips convincing proof resides,
'Thro' all her speech Persuasion melting glides;
A golden crown confess'd her high command,
And waving Action gently grac'd her hand.

Out of her bosom, where the treasure lay,
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day,
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the list'ning audience to admire.

How strong thy flight! how large thy grasp of thought!
How just thy schemes! how regularly wrought!
How sure you wound when ironies deride!
Which must be seen, yet feign to turn aside;
How far uncommon, with an air of ease,
How nicely taking are thy turns of praise!
Fame wants no words to make the patriot shine,
But yet, to chuse the best, must borrow thine:
What public spirit in thy works appears!
What rolling language fills the ravish'd ears!
Where Nature all her force of writing shows,
Where Art concealing Art with Nature goes.

She ceas'd. Applause attended on the close;
Then Poetry her sister art arose,
Her fairer sister, born in deepest ease,
Not made so much for bus'ness as to please;
Upon her cheeks sits beauty ever young,
The soul of Music warbles on her tongue,
Bright in her eyes a pleasing ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest temper flows;

A laurel-wreath adorns her curling hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air ;
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
While from the spheres she takes her pitch to sing.

Thrice happy Genius his ! whose works have hit
The lucky point of bus'ness and of wit ;
They seem like showers which April months prepare
To call the flowery glories up to air ;
The drops descending make the varied bow,
And while they fall for profit, dress for show.

To me retiring oft he finds relief
From slow consuming care, and pining grief ;
From me retreating oft he gives to view
What eases care, and grief in others too.

Ye fondly grave ! be wise enough to know,
Life ne'er unbent is but a life of woe.
I'll gently steal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds, and scents ambrosial play,
Where on the banks, as crystal rivers flow,
They teach immortal Amaranths to grow ;
Then from the wild indulgence of the scene,
Restore your tempers strong for toils again.

She ceas'd. Soft Music trembl'd in the wind,
And sweet Delight diffus'd thro' every mind :
The little smiles which still the Goddess's grace,
Sportive arose, and run from face to face.

But chief——

A gentle band their eager joys express :
Here Friendship asks, and Love of merit longs
To hear the Goddesses renew their songs ;
There great Benevolence to Men is pleas'd ;
These own their SWIFT, and grateful hear him prais'd.

You gentle band ! you well may bear your part,
You reign Superior Graces in his heart.

O SWIFT ! if Friendship's warm yet lasting flame,
If Love of merit have to praise a claim ;
If just esteem from every temper flows,
To crown a tender sense of human woes ;
These fair returns are thine : Nor couldst thou lie
Unknown alive, nor wilt unlovely die.

Or if high Fame be life, (and well we know,
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou canst not all expire ; thy works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine.

T H E

THIRD SATIRE of DR DONNE,

Versified by Dr PARNELL.

C Ompassion checks my spleen, yet scorn denies
The tears a passage through my swelling eyes;
To laugh or weep at sins might idly show
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! arise, and try thy sharper ways
If ever satire cur'd an old disease.
Is not religion (heaven-descended dame)
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,
As moral virtue in her early sway,
When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, respect, and show,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
These means are ours, and must its end be theirs?
And shall thy father's spirit meet the sight
Of Heathen sages cloth'd in heav'nly light,
Whose merit of strict life, severely suited
To Reason's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever banish'd from the blest abode.

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy monarch's ire,
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea;
In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath,
Or where in tempests icy mountains roll,
Attempt a passage by the northern pole?
Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
Or for some idol of thy fancy draw
Some loose-gown'd dame; O courage made of straw!
Thus, desp'rate coward! would'st thou bold appear,
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield;
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?

Know thy own foes; th' apostate angel; he
You strive to please, the foremost of the three;
He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love, that acts in hate?
The world's thy second love, thy second foe,
The world, whose beauties perish as they blow,
They fly, she fades herself, and at the best,
You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast;
The flesh is next, which in fruition wastes,
High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes.
While men the fair, the goodly soul destroy,
From whence the flesh has pow'r to taste a joy.
Seek thou Religion primitively found——
Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright seraph from his country fled,

And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know,
She there was seen a thousand years ago ;
And loves her relick rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince sat yesterday.
These pageant forms are whining Obed's scorn,
Who seeks religion at Geneva born,
A sullen thing, whose coarseness suits the crowd :
Tho' young, unhandsome ; tho' unhandsome, proud ;
Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy Cæpia roam,
The man contented takes his church at home :
Nay, should some preachers, servile bawds of gain,
Should some new laws, which like new fashions reign,
Command his faith to count salvation ty'd,
To visit his, and visit none beside ;
He grants salvation centers in his own,
And grants it centers but in his alone ;
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith, who give his name ;
So from the guardian's hands the wards who live
Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless Airy flies,
For all professions can't be good, he cries ;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuse ;
So men, who know what some loose girls have done,
For fear of marrying such will marry none.
The charms of all obsequious Courtly strike ;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike ;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dresses altering, and the sex the same :

So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,
But 'tis Religion still where'er we go :
This blindness springs from an excess of light,
And men embrace the wrong to chuse the right.

But thou of force must one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone ;
To find that right one, ask thy rev'rend sire,
Let him of his, and him of his enquire ;
Tho' truth and falsehood seem as twins ally'd,
There's eldership on Truth's delightful side ;
Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest first,
Is not of no Religion, nor the worst.
'T'adore, or scorn an image, or protest
May all be bad ; doubt wisely for the best,
'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray ;
It is not wandering to enquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the basis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,
Sits Sacred Truth enthron'd ; and he who means
To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,
Winds round and round, and every turn essays,
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.
Yet labour so, that, ere faint age arrive,
Thy searching soul possess her rest alive :
'To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to the night of fate.
To will alone, is but to mean delay,
'To work at present, is the use of day,
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the soul, hard deeds the body strain,
And myst'ries ask believing, which to view,
Like the fair sun, are plain, but dazzling too.

Be Truth, so found, with sacred heed possess,
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breast.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate.
Ah ! fool and wretch, who lett'st thy soul be ty'd
To human laws ! or must it so be try'd ?
Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,
When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Greg'ry taught thee this,
Or John or Martin ? All may teach amiss,
For ev'ry contrary in each extream
This holds alike, and each may plead the same.
Wouldst thou to pow'r a proper duty shew ?
'Tis thy first task the bounds of power to know,
The bounds once past, it holds the same no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before ;
Nor were submission humbleness exprest,
But all a low idolatry at best.
Pow'r from above subordinately spread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head ;
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,
But roars a torrent or a flood below,
Each flow'r ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty from its roots are torn,
And left on deserts, rocks and sands, are tost,
All the long travel, and in ocean lost.
So fares the soul, which more that power reveres,
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

E C S T A C Y.

THE fleeting joys, which all affords below,
Work the fond heart with unavailing show.
The wish that makes our happier life compleat,
Nor grasps the wealth, nor honours of the great,
Nor loosely sails on Pleasure's easy stream,
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of Fame.
Weak man ! who charms to these alone confine,
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of light,
Make day that's endless infinitely bright,
'Thence, heavenly Father ! thence with mercy dart
One beam of brightness to my longing heart,
Dawn thro' the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea ;
That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free,
May rise from earth to visit heaven and thee.
Come Peace Divine, shed gently from above,
Inspire my willing bosom, wondrous Love !
'Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tye,
And point the passage where I want to fly.

But whither, whither now ! what powerful fire
With this bless'd influence equals my desire ?
I rise, or Love the kind deluder reigns,
And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes,
Earth less'ning flies, the parting skies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat ;
And now the sun, and now the stars are gone ;
Yet still methinks the spirit bears me on,

Where tracts of æther purer blue display,
And edge the golden realm of native day.
O strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen!
O ravishment! O sacred rage within!
Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd!
I see the light that veils the throne on high,
A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
I hear the words that issuing thence proclaim,
“ Let God's attendants praise his awful name ;”
Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
Mysterious seat of Majesty Divine!
And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah sing.
See, where the shining Seraphim appear,
And sink their decent eyes with holy fear;
See flights of Angels all their feathers raise,
And range the orbs, and as they range they praise;
Behold the great Apostles joyful met,
And high on pearls of azure æther set;
Behold the Prophets, full of heavenly fire,
With wand'ring fingers wake the trembling lyre;
And hear the Martyr's tune; and all around
The church triumphant makes the region sound;
With harps of gold, with boughs of ever-green,
With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen;
Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
And all is music, and excess of joy.

Charm'd with the sight I long to bear a part,
The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
Sweet Saints and Angels of the heavenly quire
If Love has warm'd me with celestial fire,

Assist my words, and as they move along,
With Hallelujah crown the burthen'd song.

Father of all above and all below!

O great beyond expression! —————

No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,
For power and knowledge in their source are thine:

Around thee glory spreads her golden wing,

Sing, glitt'ring Angels, Hallelujah sing.

Son of the Father, first begotten Son,
Ere the short meas'ring line of time begun!

The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
His bright effulgence manifest in thee.

The world must own thee Love's unfathom'd spring.

Sing, glitt'ring Angels, Hallelujah sing.

Proceeding Spirit! equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine;

With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,

With holy transports you refine the breast,

And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring.

Sing, glitt'ring Angels, Hallelujah sing.

But where's my rapture? where my wond'rous heat?
What interruption makes my bliss retreat?

This world's got in, the thought of t' other's crost,
And the gay picture's in my fancy lost.

With what an eager zeal the conscious soul

Would claim its seat, and soaring pass the pole?

But our attempts these chains of earth restrain,
Deride our toil, and drag us down again.

So from the ground aspiring meteors go,

And rank'd with planets, light the world below;

But their own bodies sink them in the sky,

When the warmth's gone that taught them how to fly.

F I N I S.



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